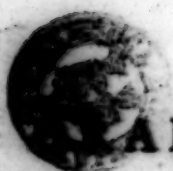


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AMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT - GARDEN.

M E N.

Torrifmond,	.	.	.	Mr. Wroughton.
Bertran,	.	.	.	Mr. Whitfield.
Alphonso,	.	.	.	Mr. Fearon.
Lorenzo,	.	.	.	Mr. Lewis.
Raymond,	.	.	.	Mr. Hull.
Pedro,	.	.	.	Mr. Thompson.
Gomez.	.	.	.	Mr. Quick.
Dominick,	.	.	.	Mr. Henderson.

W O M E N.

Leonora,	.	.	.	Mrs. Inchbald.
Teresa,	.	.	.	Mrs. Pouffin.
Elvira,	.	.	.	Mrs. Mattocks.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

ACT. I. *Alphonso and Pedro meet, with soldiers, &c.*

Al. **STAND** : give the word.

Ped. The queen of Arrogon.

Alp. Pedro ?—how goes the night ?

Ped. She wears space.

Alp. Then welcome day-light, we shall have warm work on't :

The Moor will 'gage

His utmost forces on this next assault,

To win a queen and kingdom.

Ped. Pox o' this lion-way of wooing, though :
Is the queen stirring yet ?

Alp. She has not been a-bed, but in her chapel
All night devoutly watch'd, and bribed the faines
With vows for her deliverance.

Ped. O! Alphonso,

I fear they come too late : her father's crimes

Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers.

A crown usurp'd, a lawful king deposed,

In bondage held, debarr'd the common light ;

His children murder'd, and his friends destroy'd ;

What can we less expect than what we feel ?

And what we fear will follow.

Alp. Heaven avert it.

P.d. Then heaven must not be heaven. Judge the event

By what has pass'd. Th' usurper joy'd not long

His ill-got crown ! 'Tis true, he died in peace :

(Unriddle that, ye powers :) but left his daughter,

Our present queen, engaged upon his death-bed,

To marry with young Bertran, whose curst father

Had help'd to make him great.

Hence, you well know, this fatal war arose :

Because the Moor Abdallah, with whose troops

Th' usurper gain'd the kingdom, was refused,

And, as an infidel, his love despised.

Alp. Well, we are soldiers, Pedro, and, like lawyers,
Plead for our pay.

Ped. A good cause would do well though ;

It gives my sword an edge. You see this Bertran

Has now three times been beaten by the Moors :

What hope we have is in young Torrisonond,

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

4
Your brother's son.

Alp. He's a successful warrior,
Our watchmen from the towers with longing eyes
Expect his swift arrival.

Pad. It must be swift, or it will come too late.

Alp. No more : — Duke Bertran.

Enter Bertran attended.

Ber. Relieve the centries that have watch'd all night.
[To *Pad.*] Now, Colonel, have you disposed your men,
That you stand idle here ?

Pad. Mine are drawn off,
To take a short repose.

Ber. Short let it be,
For, from the Moorish camp, this hour and more,
There has been heard a distant humming noise,
Like bees disturb'd, and harming in their hives.
What courage in our soldiers ? speak ! what hope ?

Pad. As much as when physicians shake their heads,
And bid their dying patient think of heaven.

Ber. Good-night all then.

Pad. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life
I have to lose : I'll plant my colours down
In the mid-breach, and by 'em fix my foot :
Say a short soldier's prayer, to spare the trouble
Of my few friends above ; and then expect
The next fair bullet.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. To arms, my lord, to arms !
From the Moors camp the noise grows louder still.

Ber. Some false attack : expect on th' other side :
One to the gunners on St. Jago's tower ; bid 'em, for
Level their cannon lower : on my soul, [shame,
'They're all corrupted with the gold of Barbary.
To carry over, and not hurt the Moor.

Enter a second Captain.

2d Cap. My lord, here's fresh intelligence arrived :
Our army, led by valiant Torrismond,
Is now in hot engagement with the Moors :
'Tis said, within their trenches.

Ber. I think all fortune is reserved for him.
He might have sent us word though ;
And then we could have favour'd his attempt
With sallies from the town —

Alp. It could not be :
We were so close block'd up, that none could peep

Upon

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

9

Upon the walls and live: but yet 'tis time:—

Bert. No, 'tis too late; I would not hazard it:
On pain of death, let no man dare to sally.

Ped. [*Aside.*] O envy, envy, how it works within him?
How now! what means this show?

Alp. 'Tis a procession:
The queen is going to the great cathedral,
To pray for our success against the Moors.

Ped. Very good: she usurps the throne; keeps the old
king in prison; and, at the same time, is praying for a
blessing: O religion and roguery, how they go together!

[*Show, and a flourish of Trumpets.*]

Then enter Lorenzo, who kneels to Alphonso.

Bert. to Alp. A joyful cry; and see your son Lorenzo:
good news, kind Heaven!

Alp. to Lor. O welcome, welcome! is the general safe?
How near our army? when shall we be succour'd?
Or, are we succour'd? are the Moors removed?
Answer these questions first, and then a thousand more;
—Answer 'em all together.

Lor. Yes, when I have a thousand tongues, I will.
The general's well; his army too is safe
As victory can make 'em: the Moor's king
Is safe enough, I warrant him for one.
At dawn of day our general cleft his pate,
Spight of his woollen night-cap: a slight wound;
Perhaps he may recover.

Alp. Thou revivest me.

Ped. By my computation now, the victory was gain'd
before the procession was made for it, and yet it will go
hard but the priests will make a miracle of it.

Lor. Yes faith; we came like bold intruding guests,
And took 'em unprepared to give us welcome:
Their scouts we kill'd, then found their body sleeping;
And as they lay confused, we stumbled o'er 'em,
And took what joint came next, arms, heads, or legs,
Somewhat undecently: but when men want light,
They make but bungling work.

Bert. I'll to the queen,
And bear the news.

Ped. That's young Lorenzo's duty.

Bert. I'll spare his trouble.—

This Torrismond begins to grow too fast;
He must be mine, or ruin'd

Lor. Pedro a word:—(*whisper*)

[*Aside.*
(*Ex. Bertran.*
To

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

To Lorenzo.] How many of the enemy are slain?

Lor. Troth, fir, we were in haste, and could not stay
To store the men we kill'd; but there they lie;
Best send our women out to take the tale;
There's circumcision in abundance for 'em.

(Turns to Pedro again.)

Alp. How far did you pursue 'em?

Lor. Some few miles——

To Pedro] Good store of harlots, say you, and dog-
cheap?

Pedro. They must be had and speedily;
I've kept a tedious fast. *(Whisper again.)*

Alp. When will he make his entry? he deserves
Such triumphs as were given by ancient Rome;
Ha, boy, what sayst thou?

Lor. As you say, fir, that Rome was very ancient—

To Pedro] I leave the choice to you; fair, black, tall,
low;

Let her have but a nose:—And you may tell her
I'm rich in jewels, rings, and bobbing pearls
Pluck'd from Moors ears.——

Alp. Lorenzo.

Lor. Somewhat busy

About affairs relating to the public.——

—A seasonable girl, just in the nick now—— *(To Pedro.)*

(Trumpets within.)

Ped. I hear the general's trumpet. Stand and mark
How he will be received; I fear, but coldly:
There hung a cloud methought on Bertra's brow.

Lor. Then look to see a storm on Torrismond's;
Looks fright not men; the general has seen Moors
With as bad faces, no dispraise to Bertran's.

Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the camp he loves the queen.

Lor. He drinks her health devoutly.

Alp. That may breed bad blood 'twixt him and Bertran.

Ped. Yes, in private:

But Bertran has been taught the arts of courts,
To gild a face with smiles, and leet a man to ruin.
O here they come.——

*Enter Torrismond and officers on one side, Bertran attended on
the other.*

Lor. (Aside.) Here are nothing but lies to be expected;
I'll e'en go lose myself in some blind alley, and try if any
courteous damsel will think me worth the finding.

(Ex. Lorenzo.)
Bert.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

7

Bart. Your country rescued, and your queen relieved !
A glorious conquest, noble Torrismond !
The people rend the skies with loud applause,
And Heaven can hear no other name but yours.
The thronging crouds press on you as you pass,
And with their eager joy make triumph slow.

Tor. My lord, I have no taste
Of popular applause ; the noisy praise
Or giddy crouds, as changeable as winds,
Still vehement, and still without a cause :
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swollen success ; but veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bart. So young a Stoick !

Tor. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one drop
Within these veins for pageants : but let honour
Call for my blood, and sluice it into streams !
Turn fortune loose again to my pursuit,
And let me hunt her through en-battled foes,
In dusty plains, amidst the cannons roar,
There will I be the first.

Bart. I'll try him farther—
Suppose th' assembled states of Arragon
Decree a statue to you thus inscrib'd,
To Torrismond who freed his native land.

(Aside.)

Tor. A statue, for a battle blindly fought,
Where darkness and surprize made conquest cheap !
Where virtue borrow'd but the arms of chance,
And struck a random blow ! 'twas Fortune's work,
And Fortune take the praise.

Bart. Yet happiness
Is the first fame : virtue without success
Is a fair picture shewn by an ill light.
But lucky men are favourites of heaven :
And whom should kings esteem above heaven's darlings ?
The praises of a young and beauteous queen
Shall crown your glorious acts.

Pad. to Alp. There sprung the mine.

Tor. The queen ! that were a happiness too great !
Nan'd you the queen, my lord ?

Bart. Yes : you have seen her, and you must confess
A praise, a smile, a look from her is worth
The shouts of thousand amphitheatres ;
She, she shall praise you, for I can oblige her ;
To-morrow will deliver all her charms

Int.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

Into my arms, and make her mine for ever.

Why stand you mute ?

For. Alas ! I cannot speak.

Bert. Not speak, my lord ! how were your thoughts employ'd ?

For. Nor can I think, for I am lost in thought.

Bert. Thought of the queen, perhaps ?

For. Why, if it were,

Heaven may be thought on, though too high to climb.

Bert. O, now I find where your ambition drives ;
You ought not to think of her.

For. So I say too,
I ought not : madmen ought not to be mad :
But who can help his frenzy ?

Bert. Fond young man !
The wings of your ambition must be clipt ;
Your shame faced virtue shunn'd the people's praise,
And senate's honours ; but 'tis well we know
What price you hold yourself at. You have fought
With some success, and that has seal'd your pardon.

For. Pardon from thee ! O, give me patience, heaven !
Thrice vanquish'd Bertran ; if thou dar'st, look out
Upon your slaughter'd host, that field of blood ;
There seal my pardon, where thy fame was lost.

Pad. He's ruin'd, past redemption !

Alp. to For. Learn respect
To the first prince o'the blood.

Bert. O, let him rave !
I'll not contend with madmen.

For. I have done ;
I know 'twere madness to declare this truth :
And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love.
'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds,
Lighter than children's bubbles blown by winds ;
My merit's but the rash result of chance ;
My birth unequal ; all the stars against me !
Power, promise, choice, the living and the dead ?
Mankind my foes, and only love my friend ?
But such a love, kept at such awful distance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a rival
Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be loved,
And so may Gods ; else why are altars raised ?
Why shines the sun, but that he may be view'd ?
But, oh ! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness.

Exeunt

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

9

Exeunt Torrismond and Bertran different ways.

Pat. So, here's fine work!

What, planet-struck!

Alp. I wish I were; to be past sense of this!

Pat. Would I had but a lease of life so long,
As 'till my flesh and blood rebell'd this way,
Against our sovereign lady? mad for a Queen?
With a globe in one hand, and a sceptre in t'other?
A very pretty moppet!

Alp. I then to declare his madness to his rival!
His father absent on an embassy:
Himself a stranger almost; wholly friendless!
A torrent, rolling down a precipice,
Is easier to be stopped, than is his ruin.

Pat. 'Tis fruitless to complain; haste to the court;
Improve your interest there, for pardon from the queen.

Alp. Weak remedies;
But all must be attempted.

(Exit)

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky rogue! I have been ranging over half the town; but have sprung no game. Our women are worse infidels than the Moors? I told 'em I was one of their knights-errant, that delivered them from ravishment; and I think in my conscience that's their quarrel to me.

Pat. Is this a time for fooling; your cousin is run honourably mad in love with her majesty? he is split upon a rock, and you, who are in chase of harlots, are sinking in the main ocean. I think the devil's in the family. *(Exit)*

Lorenzo solus.

Lor. My cousin ruin'd, says he! hum, not that I wish my kinsman's ruin; that were unchristian; but if the general's ruin'd, I am heir; there's comfort for a christian. Money I have, I thank the honest Moors for't; but I want a mistress. I am willing to be lewd; but the tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira veil'd.

Elv. Stranger! Cavalier!—will you not hear me? you Moor-killer, you matador.——

Lor. Meaning me, madam?

Elv. Face about, man; you a soldier, and afraid of the enemy.

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charged first? I see souls will not be lost for want of diligence in this devil's reign.

(Aside)

[*To her.*] Now, madam Cynthia behind a cloud, your will and pleasure with me?

Elv. You have the appearance of a cavalier; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your adventure. If a lady like you, well enough to hold discourse with you at first sight, you are gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an apology, and to lay the blame on stars, or destiny, or what you please, to excuse the frailty of a woman.

Lor. O, I love an easy woman: there's such a-do to crack a thick-shell'd mistress: we break our teeth, and find no kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take pity on a stranger; and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elv. You have a better opinion of me than I deserve: you have not seen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are heart whole.

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me: let me see you, for the safeguard of my honour: 'tis but decent the cannon should be drawn down upon me before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible similitude have you made, colonel, to shew that you are inclining to the wars! I could answer you with another in my profession: Suppose you were in want of money; would you not be glad to take a sum upon content in a sealed bag, without peeping?—but, however, I will not stand with you for a sample. [*Lifts up her veil.*]

Lor. What eyes were there! how keen their glances! you do well to keep 'em veil'd: they are too sharp to be trusted out of the scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps now you may accuse my forwardness: but this day of jubilee is the only time of freedom I have had: and there is nothing so extravagant as a prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return into his fetters.

Lor. To confess freely to you, madam, I was never in love with less than your whole sex before: but now I have seen you, I am in the direct road of languishing and sighing; and if love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to-morrow morning you may hear of me in rhyme and sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these symptoms

symptoms in myself; perhaps I may go shufflingly at first; for I was never before walked in trammels; yet I shall drudge and moil at constancy, 'till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Evo. O fir, there are arts to reclaim the wildest men, as there are to make spaniels fetch and carry; chide 'em often, and feed 'em seldom: now I know your temper, you may thank yourself if you are kept to hard meat:——you are in for years, if you make love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal obligation with an *avro domini* at end on't; there may be an evil meaning in the word years, called matrimony.

Elv. I can easily rid you of that fear: I wish I could rid myself as easily of the bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a covetous, and a jealous, and an old man be a husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpose as I could wish: now love be praised.

Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elv. (*Aside.*) If I get not home before my husband, I shall be ruined.——

(*To him.*)

I dare not stay to tell you where,——farewell,——
could I once more——

(*Exit.*)

Lor. This is unconscionable dealing; to be made a slave, and not know whose livery I wear:——Who have we yonder?

Enter Gomez.

By that shambling in his walk, it should be my rich old banker, Gomez, whom I knew at Barcelona: As I live 'tis he.——

[*To Gom.*] What, old Mammon here?

Gom. How! young Beelzebub?

Lor. What devil has set his claws in thy haunches, and brought thee hither to Saragossa? sure he meant a farther journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the enemy; when the Moors are ready to besiege one town, I shift my quarters to the next; I keep as far from the infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at farthest.

Gom. Well, you have got a famous victory; all true subjects are overjoyed at it: there are bonfires decreed; and the times had not been so hard, my billet should have burnt too.

Lor. I dare say for thee, thou had'st such a respect for

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

a single billet, thou wouldest almost have thrown on thyself to save it; thou art for saving every thing but thy soul.

Gon. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the tavern, and crack half a pint with you at my own charge.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thyself for such an extravagance; and instead of it, thou shalt do me a mere verbal courtesy; I have just now seen a most incomparable young lady.

Gon. Whereabouts did you see this most incomparable young lady?—my mind misgives me plaguily. (*Aside.*)

Lor. Here, man, just before this corner house: Pray heaven it prove no bawdy-house.

Gon. (*Aside.*) Pray heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What dost thou mutter to thyself? hast thou any thing to say against the honesty of that house?

Gon. Not I, colonel, the walls are very honest stone, and the timber very honest wood, for ought I know; but for the woman I cannot say, till I know her better; Describe her person, and if she live in this quarter I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle stature, dark-coloured hair, the most bewitching leer with her eyes, the most roguish cast; her cheeks are dimpled when she smiles, and her smiles would tempt an hermit.

Gon. (*Aside.*) I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.—Go on—colonel—have you no other marks of her?

Lor. Thou hast all her marks, but that she has an husband, a jealous, covetous, old huncks; Speak; canst thou tell me news of her?

Gon. Yes, this news, colonel, that you have seen your last of her.

Lor. If thou help'st me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gon. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you, colonel Fernando; once more, you have seen your last of her.

Lor. (*Aside.*) I am glad he knows me only by that name of Fernando, by which I went at Barcelona; now he can tell no tales of me to my father.

To him. Come, thou wert ever good-natured, when thou could'st get by it (*Shows money*) Look here, rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour;—Thou art not proof against gold, sure!—Do not I know thee for a covetous—

Gon

THE SPANISH PRYER.

Gom. Jealous old hunks; those were the marks of your mistress's husband, as I remember, colonel.

Lor. O the devil! what a rogue in understanding was I, not to find him out sooner! (Aside.)

Gom. Do, do, look fillily, good colonel; 'tis a decent melancholy after an absolute defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear Gomez; —but—

Gom. But—no pumping, my dear colonel.

Lor. Hang pumping; I was—thinking a little upon a point of gratitude. We two have been long acquaintances; I know thy merits, and can make thee interest; go to, thou wert born to authority; I'll make thee Alcaide, mayor of aragossa.

Gom. Satisfy yourself; you shall not make me what you think, colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou hast the face of a magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a magistrate's head to my magistrate's face; —I thank you, colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle story! that woman I saw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly woman, for t'other was a lye; —is no more thy wife; —as I'll go home with thee, and satisfy thee immediately, my dear friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that trouble; no not so much as a single visit; not so much as an embassy by a civil old woman, nor a serenade of Twinedum Twinedum under my windows: Nay, I will advise you, out of tenderness to your person, that you walk not near yon corner house by night; for to my certain knowledge there are blunderbusses planted in every loop-hole, that go off constantly of their own accord at the squeaking of a fiddle and the thrumming of a guitar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open war against thee; I'll demolish thy citadel by force; or at least, I'll bring my whole regiment upon thee; my thousand red locusts, that shall devour thee in free quarter. Farewell, wrought night-cap. [Exit Lor.]

Gom. Farewell, buff! free quarter for a regiment of red-coat locusts? I hope to see 'em all in the Red Sea first! —But oh, this Jezabel of mine, I'll get a physician that shall prescribe her an ounce of camphire every morning for her breakfast, to abate incontinency. She shall never peep abroad, no, not to church for confession; and for never going, she shall be condemned for a heretick.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

a heretick. She shall have stripes by Troy-weight, and
 sustenance by drachms and scruples; Nay, I'll have a
 fasting almanack printed on purpose for her use, in which
 No carnival nor Christmas shall appear,
 But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the year.

Exit Gom.

ACT II.

Enter Torrismond attended, Bertrand and he meet and jostle.

Bertr. MAKE way, my lords, and let the pageant
 pass.

Tor. I make my way where-e'er I see my foe;

But you, my lord, are good at a retreat.

I have no Moors behind me.

Bertr. Death and hell!

Dare to speak thus when you come out again.

(Exit.

Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, insulting man.

Enter Teresa.

Ter. My lords, you are too loud so near the queen;

You, Torrismond, have much offended her.

'Tis her command you instantly appear,

To answer your demeanour to the prince.

[Exit Teresa; Bertrand with his company follow her.]

Tor. O Pedro, O Alphonso, pity me!

A grove of pikes,

Whose polish'd steel from far severely shines,

Are not so dreadful as this beauteous queen.

Alph. Call up your courage timely to your aid,

And, like a lion prei'd upon the toils,

Leap on your hunters. Speak your actions boldly.

There is a time when modest virtue is

Allow'd to praise itself.

Pad. Heart, you were hot enough, too hot, but now;

Your fury then boil'd upward to a foam:

But since this message came, you sink and settle,

As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas, thou know'st not what it is to love!

When we behold an angel, not to fear,

Is to be impudent:—No, I'm resolved,

Like a led victim, to my death I'll go,

And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow. *[Exeunt.]*

The SCENE draws, and shows the Queen sitting in state;

Bertrant standing next her; then Teresa, &c.

She rises, and comes to the front.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

25

Qu. Leonora to Bert.) I blame not you, my lord? my father's will,

Your own deserts, and all my people's voice,
Have placed you in the view of sovereign power.
But I would learn the cause, why Torrismond,
Within my palace walls, within my hearing,
Almost within my sight, affronts a prince
Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay,
And looks as he were lord of human kind.

Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, Pedro. Torrismond bows low, then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at distance.

Teresa. Madam, the general ———

Qu. Let me view him well.

My father sent him early to the frontiers.
I have not often seen him; If I did,
He pass'd unmask'd by my unheeding eyes.
But where's the fierceness, the disdainful pride,
The haughty port, the fiery arrogance?
By all these marks, this is not sure the man!

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your court with tumult,
Whose fierce demeanor, and whose insolence,
The patience of a God could not support.

Qu. Name his offence, my lord, and he shall have
Immediate punishment.

Bert. 'Tis of so high a nature, should I speak it,
That my presumption then would equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Ped. (Aside.) Next my tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! On your allegiance, Torrismond,
By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Tor. (Kneeling.) O seek not to convince me of a crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon;
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he who thus commanded dares to speak,
Unless commanded, would have died in silence.
But you assur'd me, madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none, for I am all despair;
Friends I have none, for friendship follows favour:
Desert I've none, for what I did was duty:
Oh that it were! that it were duty all!

Qu. Why do you pause? proceed.

Tor. As one condemned to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
Stops short and looks about for some kind shrub

To

To break his dreadful fall; ——— so I ———
 But whither am I going? if to death,
 He looks so lovely sweet in beauty's pomp,
 He draws me to his dart. — I dare no more.

Bert. He's mad, beyond the cure of helebore.
 Whips, darkness, dungeons for this insolence. —

Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear. —

Qu. You're both too bold. You, Torrismond, withdraw,
 I'll teach you all what's owing to your queen.
 For you, my lord —

The priest to-morrow was to join our hands;
 I'll try if I can live a day without you.
 So both of you depart, and live in peace.

Alp. Who knows which way she points?
 Doubling and turning like an hunted hare,
 Find out the meaning of her mind who can.

Ped. Who ever found a woman's! backward and forward,

The whole sex in every word. In my conscience, when
 She was getting her mother was thinking of a riddle.

(Exeunt all but the Queen and Teresa.)

Qu. Haste, my Teresa, haste, and call him back.

Ter. Whom, madam? *Qu.* Him. *Ter.* Prince Bertran?

Qu. Torrismond;

There is no other he.

(Exit Teresa.)

A change so swift what heart did ever feel!
 It rush'd upon me like a mighty stream,
 And bore me in a moment far from shore.
 I've loved away myself; in one short hour
 Already am I gone an age of passion.
 Was it his youth, his valour, or success?
 These might perhaps be found in other men,
 'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me;
 That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
 And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
 But, when he spoke, what tender words he said!
 So softly; that, like flakes of feather'd snow,
 They melted as they fell. —

Enter Teresa with Torrismond.

Ter. He waits your pleasure.

Qu. 'Tis well, retire—O heavens, that I must speak
 So distant from my heart —

To Ter.) How now! what boldness brings you back again?
(Aside.)

Tor. I heard 't was your command.

Qu.

Qu. A fond mistake,
To credit so unlikely a command.
And you return full of the same presumption,
T'affront me with your love ?

Tor. If 'tis presumption for a wretch condemn'd
To throw him'self beneath his judge's feet ?
A boldness more than this I never knew ;
Or, if I did, 'twas only to your foes.

Qu. You would insinuate your past services,
And those, I grant, were great ; but you confess
A fault committed since, that cancels all.

Tor. And who could dare to disavow his crime,
When that for which he is accused and seized,
He hears about him still ! My eyes confess it ;
My every action speaks my heart aloud.
But, oh, the madness of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet ; and altogether cry,
I love and I despair.

Qu. Have you not heard,
My father, with his dying voice, bequeath'd
My crown and me to Bertran ? And dare you,
A private man, presume to love a queen ?

Tor. That, that's the wound ! A see you set so high,
As no desert or services can reach.

Good Heavens, why gave you me a monarch's soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian clay ?

Why gave you me desires of such extent,
And such a span to grasp 'em ? Sure my lot
By some o'er-hasty angel was misplaced
In Fates's eternal volume ! — But I rave,
And, like a giddy bird in dead of night,
ly round the fire that scorches me to death.

Qu. Yes, Torrismond, you've not so ill deserv'd,
But I may you counsel for your cure.

Tor. I cannot, nay, I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. (*Aside.*) Nor I, Heaven knows !

Tor. There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but mad men know !
Let me indulge it ; let me grieve for ever !
And, since you are too great to be beloved,
Be greater, greater yet, and be ador'd.

Qu. These are the words which I must only hear
From Bertran's mouth ; they should displease from you ;
I say they should ; but women are so vain
To like the love, though they despise the lover.

Yet

Yet that I may not send you from my sight
In absolute despair—— I pity you.

Tor. Am I then pitied ; I have lived enough !
Death, take me in this moment of my joy :
But when my soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
Spare this one thought, let me remember pity ;
And so deceiv'd, think all my life was bliss'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my alms ?
If that would help, I could cast in a tear
To your misfortunes ——

Tor. A tear ! you have o'erbid all my past sufferings,
And all my future too.

Qu. Were I no queen——
Or you of royal blood——

Tor. What have I lost by my fore-father's fault !
Why was not I the twentieth by descent
From a long restive race of droning kings ?
Love ! what a poor omnipotence hast thou,
When gold and titles buy thee ?

Qu. (*Sighs.*) Oh, my torture !——

Tor. Might I presume, but oh, I dare not hope
That sigh was added to your alms for me !

Qu. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you
To make the best construction for your love.
Be secret and discreet ; these fairy favours
Are lost when not conceal'd ;—provoke not Bertran—
Retire : I must no more but this—Hope, Torrismond.

(*Exit.*)

Tor. She bids me hope ; O Heavens ; she pities me !
And pity still foreruns approaching love,
As lightning does the thunder ! Tune your harps,
Ye angels, to that sound ; and then, my heart
Make room to entertain thy flowing joy.
Hence all my griefs and every anxious care :
One word, and one kind glance, can cure despair. (*Exit.*)

SCENE, *A Chamber. A table and wine set out.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely possible ; for
fryars have free admittance into every house. This Jacobin,
whom I have sent to, is her confessor ; and who can
suspect a man of such reverence for a pimp ? I'll try for
once ? I'll bribe him high ; for commonly none love money
better than they who have made a vow of poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge, fat, religious gentleman coming
up.

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up, Sir ; he says he's but a fryar, but he's big enough to be a pope ; his gills are rosy as a turkey cock's ; his great belly walks in state before him like an harbinger ; and his gouty limbs come limping after it ? never was such a ton of devotion se n.

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish.

[*(Exit.*

Enter Father Dominick.

Lor. Welcome, father !

Dom. Peace be here ? I thought I had been sent for to a dying man ; to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, faith, father, I was never for taking such long journeys. Repose yourself, I beseech you, Sir, if those spindle legs o' yours will carry you to the next chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with fasting.

Lor. 'Tis a sign by your wan complexion, and your thin jowls, father, come—to our better acquaintance?—here's a sovereign remedy for old age and sorrow. *(Drinks.*

Dom. The looks of it are indeed alluring ? I'll do you reason. *(Drinks.*

Lor. Is it to your palate, father ?

Dom. Second thoughts they say, are best ? I'll consider of it once again. *(Drinks.*

It has a most delicious flavour with it.

Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, son, I am not used to be so unmannerly. *(Drinks again.*

Lor. No, I'll be sworn by what I see of you, you are not,—To the bottom—I warrant him a true churchman—Now, father, to our business, 'tis agreeable to your calling ; I intend to do an act of charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of charity ; 'tis a comfortable subject.

Lor. Being in the late battle, in great hazard of my life, I recommended my person to good St. Dominick.

Dom. You could not have pitch'd upon a better : he's a sure card ? I never knew him fail his votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to strike up a bargain with him, that if I scaped with life and plunder, I would present some brother of his order with part of the booty taken from the infidels, to be employ'd in charitable uses.

Dom. There you hit him ? St. Dominick loves charity exceedingly, that argument never fails with him.

Lor. The spoils were mighty ; and I scorn to wrong him of a farthing. To make short my story ; I enquired among the Jacobins for an almoner, and the general

ral fame has pointed out your reverence as the worthiest man — here are fifty good pieces in this purse.

Dom. How, fifty pieces? 'tis too much, too much in conscience.

Lor. Here, take 'em, father.

Dom. No, in troth, I date not: do not tempt me to break my vow of poverty.

Lor. If you are mo:est, I must force you: for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you set your strength against a decrepit, poor, old man?

As I said, 'tis too great a bounty? but St. Dominick shall owe you another scape, I'll put him in mind of y. u. *(Takes the purse.)*

Lor. If you please father we will not trouble him 'till the next battle. But you may do me a greater kindness, by conveying my prayers to a female saint.

Dom. A female saint! good now, good now, how your devotions jump with mine! I always loved the female saints.

Lor. I mean a female, mortal, married woman saint; Look upon the superscription of this note; you know Don Gomez his wife. *[Gives him a letter.]*

Dom. Who, Donna Elvira? I think I have some reason; I am her ghastly father.

Lor. I have some business of importance with her, which I have communicated in this paper; but her husband is so horribly given to be jealous —

Dom. Ho jealous? he's the very quintessence of jealousy; he keeps no male creature in his house, and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, father.

Dom. Me, I grant you; I am her director and her guide in spiritual affairs. But he has his humours with me too; for t'other day, he called me false apottle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all; on my word, father, that touches your copy-hold. If you would do a meritorious action, you might revenge the church's quarrel. — My letter, father. —

Dom. Well, so far as a letter, I will take upon me; for what can I refuse to a man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an answer back, that purse in your hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look; there are fifty pieces lie dormant in it, for more charities.

Dom.

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Dom. That must not be ; not a farthing more, upon my priesthood.——But what may be the purport and meaning of this letter ; that I confess a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable man ; and I'll take your word : my comfort is, I know not the contents ; and so far I am blameless. But an answer you sh ll have ; though not for the sake of your fifty pieces more I have sworn not to take them, they shall not be altogether fifty ;—your mistress—forgive me that I should call her your mistress, I meant Elvira, lives but at next door ; I'll visit her immediately ; but not a word more of the nine and forty pieces.——

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down stairs.——Fifty pounds for the postage of a letter ! to send by the church is certainly the dearest road in christendom. *[Exit.]*

SCENE. *A chamber. Enter Gomez and Elvira*

Gom. Henceforth I banish flesh and wine ; I'll have none stirring within these walls these twelve months.

Elv. I care not ; the sooner I am starved the sooner I am rid of wedlock. I shall learn the knack to fast a days ; you have used me to fasting nights already.

Gom. How the gipsy answers me ! Oh, 'tis a most notorious hilding.

Elv. *[crying.]* But was ever poor innocent creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless chat ?

Gom. Lascivious dialogues are innocent chat with you !

Elv. Was it such a crime to enquire how the battle pass'd.

Gom. But that was not the business, gentlewoman ; you were not asking news of a battle pass'd ; you were engaging for a skirmish that was to come.

Elv. An honest woman would be glad to hear, that her honour was safe, and her enemies were slain.

Gom. *(In her tone.)* And to ask, if he were wounded in your defence ; and, in case he were, to offer yourself to be his surgeon ;—then, you did not describe your husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old hunk.

Elv. No, I need nor, he describes himself sufficiently. But in what dream did I do this ;

Gom. You walk'd in your sleep with your eyes broad open, at noon day ; and dreamt you were talking to the aforefrid purpose with one colonel Hernando——

Elv. Who, dear husband, who ?

C

Gom

Gom. What the devil have I said? You would have farther information, would you?

Elv. No, but my dear little, old man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your sake.

Gom. Get you up into your chamber, cockatrice, and there immure yourself. Be confined, I say, during our royal pleasure. But, first, down on your marrow bones, upon your allegiance, and make an acknowledgement of your offences, for I will have ample satisfaction.

(Puls her down.)

Elv. I have done you no injury, and therefore I'll make you no submission. But I'll complain to my ghostly father.

Gom. Ay, there's your remedy. When you receive condign punishment, you run with open mouth to your confessor; that parcel of holy guts and garbage! he must chu kle you and moan you; but I'll rid my hands of his ghostly authority one day, *(Enter Dominick.)* and make him know he's the son of a——*(Sees him.)* So;—No sooner conjure, but the devil's in the circle——

Dom. Son of what, Don Gomez?

Gom. Why, a son of a church; I hope there's no harm in that, father?

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time shall serve; and to-morrow I enjoin you to fast, for penance.

Gom. *(Aside.)* There's no harm in tha; she shall fast too; fasting saves money.

Dom. *(To Elvira.)* What was the reason that I found you upon your knees, in that unseemly posture?

Gom. *(Aside.)* O horrible! to find a woman upon her knees, he says, is an unseemly posture; there's a priest for you!

Elv. *(To Dom.)* I wish, father, you would give me an opportunity of entreating you in private; I have somewhat upon my spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. *(Aside.)* This goes well; Gomez, stand you at a distance,—farther yet,—stand out of ear shot,—I have somewhat to say to your wife in private.

Gom. *(Side.)* Was ever man thus priest-ridden? would the steeple of his church were in his belly; I am sure there's room for it.

Elv. I am ashamed to acknowledge my infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent father, and therefore I will venture, to,—and yet I dare not,—

Dom.

Dom. Nay, if you are bashful, if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your surgeon —

Elv. You know my husband is a man in years, but he's my husband, and therefore I shall be silent. But his humours are more intolerable than his age; he's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, that he has turn'd my heart quite from him, and, if I durst confess it, has forced me to cast my affections on another man.

Dom. Good. — hold, hold, I meant abominable. — Pray heaven this be my colonel. (*Aside.*)

Elv. I have seen this man, father, and have encouraged his addresses. He's a young gentleman, a soldier, of a most winning carriage, and what his courtship may produce at last I know not, but I'm afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. (*Aside.*) 'Tis he for certain — she has saved the credit of my function by speaking first, now I must take gravity upon me.

Gom. (*Aside.*) This whispering bodes me no good for certain, but he has me so plaguily under the lash, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, daughter, do you remember your matrimonial vow.

Elv. Yes, to my sorrow, father, I do remember it; a miserable woman it has made me; but you know, father, a marriage vow is but a thing of course, which all women take when they would get a husband.

Dom. A vow is a very solemn thing; and 'tis good to keep it; — but, notwithstanding, it may be broken upon some occasions — Have you striven with all your might against this frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have striven; but I found it was against the stream. Love, you know, father, is a great vow maker; but he's a greater vow breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your duty to strive always; but notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer — Now, gentlewoman, you are confessing your enormities, I know it, by that hypocritical, down-cast look; enjoin her to sit bare upon a bed of nettles, father; you can do no less in conscience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make use of my authority? your wife's a well-disposed and a virtuous lady; I say it, in *verbo sacerdotis*.

Elv. I know not what to do, father; I find myself in a most desperate condition; and so is the colonel for love of me.

Dom. The colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young gentleman I know: 'tis a gallant young man, I must confess, worthy of any lady's love in Christendom; in a lawful way, I mean; of such a charming behaviour, so betwitching to a woman's eye; and furthermore, so charitably given; by all good tokens, this must be my colonel Hernando.

Elv. Ay, and my colonel too, father: I am over-joyed; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down: and I am afraid, it is for love of you; for he press'd a letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confess, I received it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full resolution never to put it into your hands.

Elv. Oh, dear father, let me have it, or I shall die.

Gom. Whispering still! A pox of your close committee! I'll listen I am resolv'd. (Steals nearer.)

Dom. Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it,—use your discretion, but for my part, I wash my hands on't.—What makes you listening there? get farther off, I preach not to thee, thou wicked eves-dropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, father, as if I were taking absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it then. I have told you the ill consequences; *Et liberavi animam meam.*—Your reputation is in danger, to say nothing of your soul. Notwithstanding, when the spiritual means have been applied and fail; in that case, the carnal may be used.—You are a tender child, you are; and must not be put into despair: your heart is as soft and melting as your hand. *He strokes her face; takes her by the hand, and gives the letter.*

Gom. Hold, hold, father, you go beyond your commission: palming is always held foul play amongst gamesters.

Dom. Thus good intentions are misconstrued by wicked men: you will never be warn'd till you are excommunicated.

Gom. (Aside.) Ah, devil on him: there's his hold! if there were no more in excommunication than the Church's censure, a wise man would lick his conscience whole with a wet finger: but, if I am excommunicated, I am outlaw'd; and then there's no calling in my money.

Elv.

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Elv. (Rising.) I have read the note, father, and will send him an answer immediately; for I know his lodging by his letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my part; but I wish your intentions be honest. Remember, that adultery, though it be a silent sin, yet it is a crying sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will die, unless you pity him, to save a man's life is a point of charity; and actions of charity do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the mortality of the sin. Farewel, daughter—Gómez, cherish your virtuous wife; and thereupon I give you my benediction. [Going.]

Gom. Stay, I'll conduct you to the door,—that I may be sure you steal nothing by the way.—Fryers wear not their long sleeves for nothing.—O, 'tis a Judas Iscariot. [Exit after the Fryar.]

Elv. This Fryar is a comfortable man! He will understand nothing of the business; and yet does it all.

Pray, wives, and virgins, at your time of need,

For a true guide, of my good father's breed. (Exit.)

ACT III. Scene, the street. Enter Lorenzo in a Fryar's Habit, following Dominick.

Lor. **F**ather Dominick, father Dominick; why in such haste, man?

Dom. It should seem a brother of our order.

Lor. No, faith, I am only your brother in iniquity: my holiness, like yours, is mere outside.

Dom. What! my noble colonel in metamorphosis! on what occasion are you transform'd.

Lor. Love; almighty love; that which turn'd Jupiter into a town-bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a letter from Elvira, in answer to that I sent by you.

Dom. You see I have delivered my message faithfully; I am a Fryar of honour where I am engaged.

Lor. O, I understand your hint: the other fifty pieces are ready to be condemn'd to charity.

Dom. But this habit, son, this habit!

Lor. 'Tis a habit, that in all ages has been friendly to fornication: you have begun the design in this cloathing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The husband is absent; that evil counsellor is removed; and the sovereign is graciously disposed to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good counsel is but thrown away

away upon you : Fare you well, fare you we'll, son ' ah—

Lor. How ! will you turn recreant at the last cast ? you must along to countenance my undertaking : We are at the door, man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, father ; but no fifty pounds without it ; that was only promised in the bond : But the condition of this obligation is such, that if the above named father, father Dominick, do not well and faithfully perform—

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company ; for the reverence of my presence may be a curb to your exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your myrmidon and enter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene Elvira's chamber.

Elv. He'll come, that's certain ; young appetites are sharp ; and seldom need twice bidding to such a banquet—Well, if I prove frail, as I hope I shall not till I have compass'd my design, never woman had such a husband to provoke her, such a lover to allure her, or such a confessor to absolve her.

Enter Lorenzo and Dominick.

O, Father Dominick, what news ? How, a companion with you ! What game have you in hand, that you hunt in coupes ?

Lor. [*Lifting up his hood.*] I'll shew you that immediately.

Elv. O, my love !

Lor. My life !

Elv. My soul !

[*They embrace.*

Dom. I am taken on the sudden with a grievous swimming in my head, and such a mist before my eyes, that I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable water.

Dom. No, no ; nothing but the open air will do me good. I'll take a turn in your garden, but remember that I trust you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you.

[*Exit Dominick.*

Elv. This is certainly the dust of go'd which you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see ; for my mind misgives me, this sickness of his is but apocryphal !

Lor. 'Tis no qualm of conscience I'll be sworn. You see, madam, 'tis interest governs all the world : He preaches against sin ; why ? because so much more is bidden for his silence.

Elv.

Elv. And so much for the fryar.

Lor. Oh, those eyes of yours reproach me justly, that I neglect the subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the hazard I have run to see you here? if you do, methinks it should inform you that, I love no. at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the fryar let us together to tell beads? Love is a kind of penurious god, very niggardly of his opportunities; he must be watch'd like a hard-hearted treasurer, for he bolts out on the sudden, and if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes in a twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have done loving me?

Lor. I perceive, madam, by your holding me at this distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me: What am I to undertake or suffer ere I can be happy?

Elv. I must first be satisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy, by these dear eyes.

Elv. Spare your oaths and protestations; I know you gallants of the time have a mint at your tongue's end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me; but, by heavens, if you were in a condition——

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your promises, but have the fear of matrimony before your eyes. In few words, if you love me, as you profess, deliver me from this bondage, take me out of Egypt, and I'll wander with you as far as earth, and seas, and love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad frolic, though this is the maddest I ever undertook. Have with you, lady; mind, I take you at your word; and if you are for a merry jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it farthest: There are hedges in summer, and barns in winter to be found: I with my knapsack, and you with your bottle at your back: We'll leave honour to madmen, and riches to knaves; and travel till we come to the ridge of the world and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your hand, and strike a bargain.

[*He takes her hand and kisses it.*]

Lor. In sign and token whereof the parties interchangeably and so forth——When should I be weary of sealing upon this soft wax?

Elv. O heavens! I hear my husband's voice.

Exit

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, gentlewoman? there's something in the wind I'm sure, because your woman would have run up stairs before me; but I have secur'd her below with a gag in her chaps — Now, in the devil's name, what makes this fryar here again; I do not like these frequent conjunctions of the flesh and spirit; they are boding.

Elv. Go hence, good father; my husband you see is in an ill humour, and I would not have you witness of his folly.

[Lorenzo going.]

Gom. *[Running to the door.]* By your reverence's favour hold a little, I must examine you something better before you go. Hey-dey! who have we here? Father Dominick is shrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the belly. What are become of those two timber-logs, that he used to wear for legs, that stood strutting like the two black posts before a door? I am afraid some bad body has been setting him over a fire in a great cauldron, and boil'd him down half the quantity for a receipt. This is no Father Dominick, no huge over-grown Abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking fryar.

Elv. *(Aside.)* He will be found out, there's no prevention!

Gom. Why does he not speak? What! is the fryar possess'd with a dumb devil! if he be, I shall make bold to conjure him.

Elv. He's but a novice in his order, and is enjoin'd silence for a penance.

Gom. A novice, quoth-a; you would make a novice of me too if you could: But what is his business here? answer me that, gentlewoman, answer me that.

Elv. What should it be, but to give me some spiritual instructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edify much from a dumb preacher, This will not pass; I must examine the contents of him a little closer: O thou confessor? confess who thou art, or thou art no fryar of this world. *(He comes to Lorenzo, who struggles with him: his habit flies open, and discovers a sword: Gomez starts back.)* As I live, this is a manifest member of the church militant.

Lor. *(Aside.)* I am discover'd: now impudence by my fuge. — Yes, faith 'tis I, honest Gomez; thou seest I use thee like a fiend: this is a familiar visit.

Gom. What! colonel Hernando turn'd fryar who could

could have suspected you for so much godliness?

Lor. E'en as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your visit after so friendly an invitation as I made you. Marry I hope you will excuse the blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such ripping up old unkindness; I was upon the frolick this evening and came to visit thee in masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forced to toy away an hour with my wife, or so.

Lor. Right; thou speak'st my very soul.

Gom. Why am not I a friend then to help you out? you would have been fumbling half an hour for this excuse—But as I remember you promised to storm my citadel, and bring your regiment of red locusts upon me for free quarter: I find, colonel, by your habit, there are black locusts in the world as well as red.

Elv. (*Aside.*) When comes my share of the reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy hand; thou art the honestest kind man; I was resolved I would not go out of thy house till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my conscience, if I had staid abroad till midnight! But, colonel, you and I shall talk in another tone hereafter; I mean in cold friendship, at a bar before a judge, by the way of plaintiff and defendant. Your excuses want some grains to make 'em current; hum and ha will not do the business—There's a modest lady of your acquaintance, she has so much grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the power of dame nature working in her body to youthful appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his habit.

Gom. Ay, ay, the virtues of that habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I could not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time would have served thy turn: O thou epitome of thy virtuous sex! madam Mesfalina the second, retire to thy apartment: I have an assignation

signation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all obedience——

(*Exit Elvira.*)

Lor. I find, Gomez, you are not the man I thought you ; we may meet before we come to the bar, we may, and our differences may be decided by other weapons than by lawyers tongues. In the mean time no ill treatment of your wife, as you hope to die a natural death, and go to hell in your bed. Bilbo is the word, remember that and tremble—— (*He's going out.*)

Enter Dominick.

Dom. Where is this naughty couple ? where are you in the name of goodness ? my mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer with yourselves : here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confession.

Lor. (*Aside.*) The devil is punctual I see : he has paid me the shame he owed me : and now the fryar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. (*Seeing Gom.*) Elefs my eyes ! what do I see ?

Gom. Why, you see a cucko'd of this honest gentleman's making ; I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confess I am astonished !

Gom. What, at a cuckoldom of your own contrivance ! your head-piece and his limbs have done my business. —Nay do not look so strangely : remember your own words, here will be fine work at your next confession. What naughty couple were they whom you durst not trust together any longer ? when the hypocritical rogue had trusted 'em a full quarter of an hour ! and, by the way, horns will sprout in less time than muth-rooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuse one of my order upon light suspicions. The naughty couple that I meant, were your wife and you, whom I left together with great animosities on both sides. Now that was the occasion, mark me, Gomez, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to trust your enraged spirits tosolong together : You might have broken out into reviling and matrimonial warfare, which are sins ; and new sins make work for new confessions.

Lor. (*Aside.*) Well said i'faith, fryar ; thou art come off thyself, but poor I am left in limbo.

Gom. Angle in some other ford, good father, you shall catch no gudgeons here. Look upon the prisoner at the bar, fryar, and inform the court what you know concerning him : he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel Hernando.

Dom.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

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Dom. What colonel do you mean, Gomez? I see no man but a reverend brother of our order, whose profession I honour, but whose person I know not, as I hope for paradise.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this disguise, for the greatest cuckold-maker in all Spain.

Dom. O impudence! O rogue! O villain! nay, if he be such a man, my righteous spirit rises at him! Does he put on holy garments for a cover-shame of lewdness?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, father: when a swinging sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a fryar's hood; for there the devil plays at bo-peep, puts out his horns to do a mischief, and then shrinks 'em back for safety, like a snail into her shell.

Lor. (*Aside.*) Its best marching off while I can retreat with honour. There's no trusting this fryar's conscience; he has renounced me already more heartily than e'er he d d the devil, and is in a fair way to prosecute me for putting on these holy robes.

Gom. Follow your leader; fryar; your colonel is trooped off, but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have trusted you in the house behind him. Gather up your gouty legs, I say, and rid my house of that huge body of divinity.

Dom. I expect some judgement should fall upon you for your want of reverence to your spiritual director: slander, covetousness, and jealousy will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put pride, hypocrisy, and gluttony into your scale, father, and you shall weigh against me: nay, if sins come to be divided once, the clergy puts in for nine parts, and scarce leaves the laity a tythe.

Dom. How darest thou reproach the tribe of Levi?

Gom. Marry, because you make us lay men of the tribe of Issachar. You make asses of us, to bear your burdens: when we are young you put paniers upon us with your church discipline; and when we are grown up, you load us with a wife: after that, you procure for other men, and then you load our wives too. A fine phrase you have amongst you to draw us into marriage, you call it settling of a man; just as when a fellow has got a sound knock upon the head, they say he's settled, marriage is a settling blow indeed. They say every thing in the world is good for something, as a toad, to suck up the

the venom of the earth ! but I never knew what a fryar was good for, till your pumping show'd me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou slanderer ; thy offences be upon thy head. *(Exit.*

Gom. I believe there are some offences there of your planting. Lord, Lord, that men should have sense enough to set snares in their warrens to catch pole-cats and foxes, and yet —

Want wit a priest trap at their door to lay,
For holy vermin that in houses prey.

(Exit.

SCENE, a Palace, Queen and Teresa.

Ter. You are not what you were since yesterday ;
Your food forsakes you, and your needful rest :
You pine, you languish, love to be alone :
Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh.
When you see Torrismond, you are unquiet ;
But when you see him not, you are in pain.;

Qu. O let them never love, who never tried !
They brought a paper to me to be sign'd ;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name,
And writ, for Leonora, Torrismond.
I cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
And, ere I was aware, sigh'd to myself,
There fought my Torrismond.

Ter. What hinders you to take the man you love ?
The people will be glad, the soldiers shout,
And Bertran, tho' repining, will be awed.

Enter Bertran at a distance.

Qu. My stars have sent him ;
For see, he comes ; how gloomily he looks !
If he, as I suspect, have found my love,
His jealousy will furnish him with fury,
And me with means to part.

Bertran. (Aside.) Shall I upbraid her ? shall I call her false ?
If she be false, 'tis what she most desires.
My genius whispers me be cautious, Bertran !
Thou walk'st as on a narrow mountain's neck,
A dreadful height, with scanty room to tread.

Qu. What business have you at the court, my lord ?

Bertran. What business, madam ?

Qu. Yes, my lord, what business ?

'Tis somewhat sure of weighty consequence,
That brings you here so often, and unsent for.

Bertran. Aside. 'Tis what I fear'd ; her words are cold
To freeze a man to death—May I presume *(enough*

To

To speak and to complain ?

Qu. They who complain to princes think 'em tame.

Bert. Yet men are suffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promised blessings, for they then are debts.

Qu. My lord, Heaven knows its own time when to give ;
But you, it seems, charge me with breach of faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, madam :
But as when men in sickness lingering lie,
They count the tedious hours by months and years ;
So every day deferr'd to dying lovers,
Is a whole age of pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er consent to make you mine ?
My father's promise ties me not to time ;
And bonds without a date they say are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound :
Love is the freest motion of our minds ;
O could you see into my secret soul,
There you might read your own dominion doubled,
Both as a queen and mistress. If you leave me,
Know I can die, but dare not be displeased.

Qu. Sure you affect stupidity, my lord,
Or give me cause to think, that when you lost
Three battles to the Moors, you coldly stood
As unconcern'd as now.

Bert. I did my best ;
Fate was not in my power.

Qu. And with the like tame gravity you saw
A raw young warrior take your baffled work,
And end it at a blow.

Bert. I humbly take my leave ; but they who blast
Your good opinion of me may have cause
To know I am no coward. [He is going.

Qu. Bertran, stay :

Aside.] This may produce some dismal consequence
To him whom dearer than my life I love.
To him.] Have I not managed my contrivance well,
To try your love, and make you doubt of mine ?

Bert. Then was it but a trial ?
Methinks I start as from some dreadful dream,
And often ask myself if yet I wake.

Aside.) 'Tis turn's too quick to be without design ;
I'll sound the bottom of't ere I believe.

Qu. I find your love, and would reward it too,
But anxious fears solicit my weak breast.
I fear my people's faith :

That hot mouthed beast that bears against the curb,
 Hard to be broken even by lawful kings,
 But harder by usurpers.
 Judge then, my lord, with all these cares oppress,
 If I can think of love.

Bert. Believe me, madam,
 These jealousies, however large they spread,
 Have but one root, the old imprison'd king;
 Whose lenity first pleased the gaping crowd:
 But when long tried, and found supinely good,
 Like Æsop's log, they leapt upon his back.
 Your father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
 He rein'd 'em strongly and he spur'd them hard;
 And, but he durst not do it all at once,
 He had not left alive this patient saint,
 This anvil of affronts.

Qu. You've hit upon the very string, which touch'd,
 Echoes the sound and jars within my soul;
 There lies my grief.

Bert. So long as there's a head,
 Thither will all the mounting spirits fly;
 Lop that but off, and then——

Qu. My virtue thinks from such an horrid act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a virtue out of season.
 Better be cruel once, that anxious ever.
 Remove this threatening danger from your crown,
 And then securely take the man you love.

Qu. (*Walking aside.*) Ha! let me think of that: the
 man I love!

'Tis true, this murder is the only means
 That can secure my throne to Torrismond.
 Nay more, this execution done by Bertran,
 Makes him the object of the people's hate.

Bert. (*Aside.*) The more she thinks, 'twill work the
 stronger in her.

Qu. (*Aside.*) How eloquent is mischief 'to persuade!
 Few are so wicked as to take delight
 In crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
 If then I break divine and human laws,
 No bribe but love could gain so bad a cause.

Bert. You answer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep concernment,
 And I a woman ignorant and weak:
 I leave it all to you; think what you do,
 You do for him I love.

Bert.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

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Ber. (*Aside.*) For him she loves?

She named not me; that may be Torrismond
Whom she has thrice in private seen this day:

Then I am finely caught in my own snare.

I'll think again—Madam it shall be done;

And mine be all the blame.

(*Ex. Bertran.*)

Qu. O, that it were! I would not do this crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.

Enter Torrismond.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
Into your presence, madam? If I am—

Qu. No more, lest I should chide you for your stay:
Where have you been, and how could you suppose
That I could live these two long hours without you?

Tor. O, words to charm an angel from his orb!

Welcome as kindly showers to long parch'd earth!

But I have been in such a dismal place,

Where joy ne'er enters, which the sun ne'er cheers;

Bound in with darkness, over-spread with damps;

Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)

The good old king, majestic in his bonds,

And 'midst his griefs most venerably great:

By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke

The gloomy vapours, he lay stretch'd along

Upon th' unwholesome earth, his eyes fix'd upward;

And ever and anon a silent tear

Stole down and trickled from his hoary beard.

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle love,

Here end thy sad discourse, and for my sake

Cast off these fearful melancholy thoughts.

Tor. My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,

As early blossoms are with eastern blasts:

He sent for me, and while I raised my head,

He threw his aged arms about my neck:

And seeing that I wept, he pressed me close:

So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,

We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

Qu. Forbear, you know not how you wound my soul.

Tor. Can you have grief, and not have pity too?

He told me when my father did return,

He had a wonderful secret to disclose:

He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me son;

He praise'd my courage; pray'd for my success:

He was so true a father to his country,

To thank me, for defending ev'n his foes,

Because they were his subjects.

Qu. If they be; then what am I?

Tor. The sovereign of my soul, my earthly Heaven:

Qu. And not your queen?

Tor. You are so beautiful,

So wonderful fair, you justify rebellion;
And if that faultless face could make no sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The king must die, he must, my Torrismond.
Though pity softly plead within my soul,
Yet he must die, that I may make you great,
And give a crown in dowry with my love.

Tor. Perish that crown—on any head but yours;—
O, recollect your thoughts!
Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand
Is ebbing to the last:

A little longer, yet a little longer,
And nature drops him down without your sin;
Like mellow fruit with ut a winter storm.

Qu. His doom his past; and, for your sake, he dies.

Tor. Would you, for me, have done so ill an act,
And will not do a good one?
Now by your joys on earth, your hopes in Heaven,
O spare this great, this good, this aged king;
And spare your soul the crime!

Qu. The crime's not mine;
'Twas first proposed, and must be done, by Bertran,
Fed with false hope to gain my crown and me;
I, to enhance his ruin, gave no leave;
But barely bade him think, and then resolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the crime;
Think, t mely think, on the last dreadful day;
How will you tremble, the e to stand exposed,
And foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts,
That must be doom'd for murder? think on murder;
That troop is placed apart from common crimes,
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that band,
As far more black, and more forlorn then they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me.

Enter Teresa.

Send speedily to Bertran; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my further pleasure.

Tor. Madam he sends to tell you, 'tis perform'd.

(Exit.

Tor. Ten thousand plagues consume him, furies drag him,

Ficnds tear him : blasted be the arm that struck,
The tongue that order'd ;—only she be spared,
That hindered not the deed. O, where was then
The power that guards the sacred lives of kings ?
Why slept the light'ning and the thunderbolts,
Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
When vengeance call'd 'em here ?

Qu. Sleep that thought too.

Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall :
And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Tor. O. never, never, shall it be forgotten ;
High heaven will not forget it, after-ages
Shall with a fearful curse remember ours ;
And blood shall never leave the nation more !

Qu. Here end our sorrows, and begin our joys.

Tor. Be still my sorrows, and be loud my joys.
Fly to the utmost circles of the sea.
Thou furious tempest, that hath toss'd my mind,
And leave no thought, but Leonora there ———
What's this I feel a boding in my soul ?
As if this day were fatal ; be it so ;
Fate shall but have the leavings of my love :
My joys are gloomy, but withal are great ;
The lion, though he sees the toils are set,
Yet pinch'd with raging hunger, scowls away,
Hunts in the face of danger all the day ;
At night with sullen pleasure, grumbles o'er his prey.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE, before Gomez's door.

Enter Lorenzo, Dominick, and two soldiers at a distance.

Dom. I'LL not wag an ace farther : The whole world
I shall not bribe me to it ; for my conscience
will digest these gross enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy conscience not digest 'em ! There's
ne'er a fryar in Spain can shew a conscience, that comes
near it for digestion ; it digested pimping, when I sent
thee with my letter ; and it digested perjury, when thou
swor'st thou didst not know me ; I'm sure it has digested
me fifty pound of as hard gold as in all Barbary ; pr'y-
thee, why shou'd'st thou discourage fornication, when
thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young girl ?

Dom. Away, away ; I do not love 'em ;—phau ! no,—
(*Spits.*) I do not love a pretty girl—you are so waggish—

(*Spits again.*)
Lor.

Lor. Why thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleasure in defamation, colonel ; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your shins, emptying your purse, and wearing out your body, with hunting after unlawful game.

Lor. Why there's the satisfaction on't.

Dom. This incontinency may proceed to adultery, and adultery to murder, and murder to hanging ; and there's the satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, fryar ; I'm resolved to peach thee before thy superiors, for what thou hast done already.

Dom. I am resolved to forswear it if you do ; let me advise you better, colonel, than to accuse a churchman to a church-man ; in the common cause we are all of a-piece ; we hang together.

Lor. (*Aside.*) If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose oath will be believ'd ; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my honesty, and bribe my conscience ; you shall be summoned by an host of apparitors, you shall be sentenced in the spiritual court ; you shall be excommunicated ; you shall be out-law'd ;—and—

(*Here Lorenzo takes a purse, and plays with it, and at last, lets the purse fall clinking on the ground ; which the fryar eyes.*)

In another tone) I say, a man might do this now, if he were maliciously disposed, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity ; but considering, that you are my friend, a person of honour, and a worthy good charitable man, I would rather die a thousand deaths than disoblige you.

[*Lorenzo takes up the purse, and pours it into the Fryar's sleeve.*]

Nay good sir ; nay, dear colonel ; O Lord, sir, what are you doing now ! I profess this must not be : without this I would have served you to the uttermost ; pray command me : a jealous, foul-mouth'd rogue this Gomez is : I saw how he used you, and you mark'd how he used me too : O he's a bitter man ; but we'll join our forces ; ah, shall we, colonel ; we'll be revenged on him with a witness.

Lor.

Lor. But how shall I send her word to be ready at the door, (for I must reveal it in confession to you,) that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of these two soldiers? I know Gomez suspects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the authority of my cloathing; yonder I see him keeping sentry at his door: stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

Lor. If we meet with a repulse, we must throw off the fox's skin, and put on the lion's: come, gentlemen, you'll stand by me.

Sold. Do not doubt us, colonel. *[They retire all three to a corner of the stage, Dominick goes to the door where Gomez stands.]*

Dom. Good even, Gomez, how does your wife?

Gom. Just as you'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear colonel, and conspiring cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her, she is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your jealousy.

Gom. Yes, by certainty.

Dom. By your leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual advice to impart to her on that subject.

Gom. You may spare your instructions, if you please, father, she has no further need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! do you speak in riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plain: she has profited so well already by your counsel, that she can say her lesson, without your teaching: do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indisposed at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

[Dominick offers to go by him, but is other stands before him.]

Dom. Indisposed, say you? O, it is upon those occasions that a confessor is most necessary: I think, it was my good angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whose good angels sent you hither, that you best know, father.

Dom. A word or two of devotion will do her no harm I'm sure.

Gom. A little sleep will do her more good, I'm sure; You know she disburden'd her conscience but this morning to you.

Do

Dom. But if she be ill this afternoon, she may have new occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed as you order matters with the colonel, she may have occasion of confessing herself every hour.

Dom. Pray how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord; you will force a man to speak: why ever since your last defeat.

Dom. This can be but some light indisposition, it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom. How, not last! I say it will last, and it shall last; she shall be sick these seven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I see occasion: what, I know the mind of her sickness, a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then, I must bring a doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an apothecary, with a chargeable long bill of Ana's: those of my family have the grace to die cheaper: in a word, Sir Dominick, we understand one another's business here: I am resolved to stand like the Swiss of my own family, to defend the entrance; you may mumble over your pater-nosters, if you please; and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls, with bell, book and candle; but I am not of opinion, that you are holy enough to commit miracles.

Dom. Men of my order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I would treat the pope and his cardinals in the same manner, if they offer'd to see my wife, without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the church, if thou dost not open, there's promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my wife, if you go to that; there's promulgation for promulgation, and bull for bull; and so I leave you to recreate yourself with the end of an old song—"And sorrow came to the old fryar." (Exit.

Enter Lorenzo and Soldiers.

Lor. I will not ask you your success; for I overheard part of it, and saw the conclusion: I find we are now put upon our last trump: the fox is earth'd, but I shall send my two terriers in after him.

Sold. I warrant you, colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haste you can, to bring out the lady: What say you, father? Burglary is but a venial sin among the soldiers.

Dom.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an enemy of the church——There is a proverb, I confess, which says, that dead men tell no tales; but let your soldiers, apply it at their own perils.

Lor. What, take away a man's wife, and kill him too! The wickedness of this old villain startles me: hark you, soldiers, be sure you use as little violence to him as possible.

Dom. Hold, a little, I have thought better how to secure him, with less danger to us.

Lor. O miracle, the fryar is grown conscientious!

Dom. The old king you know is just murder'd, and the persons that did it are unknown; let the soldiers seize him for one of the assassins, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for suspecting a fryar of the least good nature; what, would you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc*, as to the fact itself; but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical rogue, whom we must dispatch: he has rail'd against the church, which is a fouler crime than the murder of a thousand kings; *Omne majus continet in se minus*: he that is an enemy to the church, is an enemy unto heaven; and he that is an enemy to heaven would have kill'd the king if he had been in the circumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a churchman, if he were personally offended, but he would bring in heaven by hook or crook into his quarrel.—Soldiers, do as you were first order'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? are you sure it's safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own design, but not altogether so mischievous; the people are infinitely discontented, as they have reason; and mutinies there are, or will be, against the queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the plot, that he should be secured as a traitor; but he shall only be prisoner at the soldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he shall be released.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free he will infallibly accuse me.

Lor. Why then, father, you must have recourse to your infallible church-remedies, lye impudently, and swear devoutly;

voutly ; and as you told me but now, let him try whose oath will be first believ'd. Retire, I hear 'em coming.

(They withdraw.)

Enter the Soldiers with Gomez struggling on their Backs.

Gom. Help, good Christians, help neighbours ; my house is broken open by force, and I am ravish'd, and am like to be assassinated. What do you mean, villains ? will you carry me away like a pedlar's pack upon your backs ? will you murder a man in plain day-light.

1st Sol. No ; but we'll secure you for a traitor, and for being in a plot against the state.

Gom. Who, I in a plot ! O Lord ! O Lord ! I never durst be in a plot ; Why, how can you in conscience suspect a rich citizen of so much wit as to make a plotter ; There are none but poor rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in plots.

2d Sol. Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O my gold ! my wife ! my wife ! my gold ! As I hope to be saved now, I know no more of the plot than they that made it.

(They carry him off.)

Lor. Thus far have we sailed with a merry gale, now we have the Cape of Good Hope in sight ; the trade-wind is our own, if we can but double it *(He looks out.)*

Aside. Ah, my father and Pedro stand at the corner of the street with company, there's no stirring 'till they are past !

Enter Elvira with a Casket.

Elv. Am I come at last into your arms ?

Lor. Fear nothing ; the adventure's ended, and the knight may carry off the lady safely.

Elv. I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce believe I am at liberty.

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you ; and thereupon I give you my benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose ; for there's an old gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the passage at the corner of the street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your arm daughter ? somewhat, I hope, that will bear your charges in your pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an hawk's eye to gold and jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a fiddle and provide a better entertainment for us than hedges in summer and barns in winter. Here's the very heart, and soul, and life blood of Gomez ; pawns in abundance, old gold

gold of widows, and new gold of prodigals; and pearls and diamonds of court ladies, till the next bribe helps their husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the spoils of the wicked, and the church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, faith, we'll drink the church's health out of them. But all this while I stand on thorns; pr'yther, dear, look out, and see, if the coast be free for our escape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

*(Elvira goes to look, and Gomez comes running in upon her :
She shrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my stars, I have recover'd my own territories.—What do I see! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!—O, colonel, are you there? and you, fryar? nay, then I find now the world goes.

Lor. Cheer up, man, thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full speed with the wings of an eagle, and the feet of a tyger to thy rescue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a courtesy with your eagle's feet, and your tyger's wings; and what were you here for, fryar?

Dom. To interpose my spiritual authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you shriek out, gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for joy at your return.

Gom. And that casket under your arm, for what end and purpose?

Elv. Only to preserve it from the thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors——

Elv. Only to meet you, sweet husband.

Gom. A fine evidence summ'd up among you: thank you heartily; you are all my friends. The colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my voice came in to save me; the fryar, who was hobbling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my jewels under her arm, and shrieks out for joy at my return. But if my father-in-law had not met your soldiers, colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I should neither have found a friend nor a fryar here, and might have shriek'd out for joy myself for the loss of my jewels and my wife.

D.m. Art thou an infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such churchmen as you wou'd make any man an infidel:

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infidel : get you into your kennel, gentlewoman ! I shall thank you within doors for your safe custody of my jewels, and your own [*He thrusts his wife off the stage.*] As for you, colonel Huff-cap, we shall try before a civil magistrate who's the greater plotter of us two, I against the state, or you against the petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for something. [*Beats him.*]

Gen. Murder ! murder ! I give up the ghost ! I am destroy'd ! help ! murder ! murder !

Dom. Away, colonel, let us fly for our lives : the neighbours are coming out with forks, and fire-shovels, and spits, and other domestic weapons ; the militia of a whole alley is raised against us.

Lor. This is but the interest of my debt, master usurer, the principal shall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your soldiers had but dispatch'd him, his tongue had been laid asleep, colonel ; but this comes of not following good counsel ; ah——

[*Exeunt Lorenzo and Fryar severally.*]

Gen. I'll be revenged of him if I dare : but he's such a terrible fellow, that my mind misgives me ; I shall tremble when I have him before the judge : all my misfortunes come together : I have been robb'd and cuckolded, and ravish'd, and beaten in one quarter of an hour ; my poor limbs smart, and my poor head aches ; ay, do, do smart limb, ach head, and sprout horns ; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you : you must needs be married, must ye ? there's for that, (*beats his own head.*) and to a fine, young modish lady, must ye ? there's for that too ; and at three score, you old, doting cuckold, take that remembrance——a fine time of day for a man to be bound 'prentice, when he is past using his trade : to set up an equipage of noise, when he has most need of quiet ? instead of her being under covert-baron to be under covert feme myself ; to have my body disabled, and my head fortified ; and lastly, to be crowded into a narrow box with a shrill treble,

That with one blast, through the whole house does bound,

And first taught speaking trumpets how to sound. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The court.* Enter Raymond, Alphonso,

and Pedro.

Raym. Are these, are these, ye powers, the promis'd
With

With which I flatter'd my long, tedious absence,
To find, at my return, my master murder'd?
O, that I could but weep, to vent my passion!
But this dry sorrow burns up all my tears.

Alb. Mourn inward, brother; 'tis observ'd at court,
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your return
Will fix all eyes on every act of yours,
To see how you resent king Sancho's death.

Raym. What generous man can live with that constraint
Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter
A court like this! can I sooth tyranny!
Seem pleas'd, to see my royal master murder'd,
His crown usurped, a distaff in a throne,
A council made, of such as dare not speak,
And could not, if they durst; whence honest men
Banish themselves, for shame of being there:
A government, that, knowing not true wisdom,
Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home?

Alb. Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment
Too heavy for the sun-shine of a court.

Raym. Well then, I will dissemble for an end
So great, so pious, as a just revenge:
You'll join with me?

Alb. No honest man but must.

Ped. What title has this queen but lawless force?
And force must pull her down.

Alb. Truth is, I pity Leonora's case;
Forc'd, for her safety, to commit a crime
Which most her soul abhors.

Raym. All she has done, or e'er can do, of good,
This one black deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly join your son to our design.

Raym. Your reason for't?

Ped. I want time to unriddle it:
Put on your t'other face; the queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, and attendants.

Raym. And that accurs'd Bertran
Stalks close behind her, like a witch's fiend,
Pressing to be employ'd; stand, and observe them.

Qu. to Bertran.] Buried in private, and so suddenly!
It crosses my design, which was to allow
The rites of funeral sitting his degree,
With all the pomp of mourning.

Bert. It was not safe:
Objects of pity, when the cause is new,

Would work too fiercely on the giddy crowd:
Had Caesar's body never been exposed,
Brutus has gain'd his cause.

Qu. Then, was he loved?

Bert. O, never man so much, for saint-like goodness.

Qu. This may be dangerous.

Raym. (*Aside.*) Pray Heaven it may.

Bert. If one of you must fall;

Self preservation is the first of laws:

And if, when subjects are oppress'd by kings,

They justify rebellion by that law;

As well may monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when self defence requires it.

Qu. You place such arbitrary power in kings,
That I much fear, if I should make you one,
You'll make yourself a tyrant; let these know
By what authority you did this act.

Bert. You much surprize me to demand that question:
But, since truth must be told, 'twas by your own.

Qu. Produce it; or, by Heaven, your head shall answer
The forfeit of your tongue.

Raym. (*Aside.*) Brave mischief towards.

Bert. You bade me.

Qu. When, and where?

Bert. No, I confess, you bade me not in words;
The dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,
And pointed full upon the stroke of murder.
Yet this you said,

You were a woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.

Qu. What, if I said,

I was a woman ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th' advantage of my sex,
And play the devil to tempt me?

Bert. If princes not protect their ministers,
What man will dare to serve them?

Qu. None will dare

To serve them ill, when they are left to laws;
But, when a counsellor, to save himself,
Would lay miscarriages upon his prince,
Exposing him to public rage and hate,
O, 'tis an act as infamously base
As should a common soldier skulk behind,
And thrust his general in the front of war:
It shews, he only served himself before,

And

And had no sense of honour, country, king ;
 But center'd on himself ; and us'd his matter,
 As guardians do their wards, with shews of care,
 But with intent to sell the public safety,
 And pocket up his prince.

Ped. [Aside.] Well said i'faith !
 This speech is e'en too good for an usurper.

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrific'd ;
 And had I not been spotted with my zeal,
 I might have found it sooner.

Qu. From my sight !
 The prince who bears an insolence like this,
 Is such an image of the powers above,
 And is the statue of the thund'ring God,
 Whose bolts the boys may play with.

Bert. Unrevenged
 I will not fall, nor single (*Exit cum suis.*)

Queen to Raymond who kisses her hand.

Qu. Welcome, welcome ;
 I saw you not before : one honest lord
 Is hid with ease among a croud of courtiers :
 How can I be too grateful to the father
 Of such a son as Torrismond ?

Raym. His actions were but duty.

Qu. Yet, my lord,
 All have not paid that debt, like noble Torrismond.
 You hear how, Bertran brands me with a crime,
 Of which your son can witness, I am free ;
 I sent to stop the murder, but too late ;
 The bloody Bertran, diligent in ill,
 Flew to prevent the soft returns of pity.

Raym. O cur'd haste, of making sure a sin !
 Can you forgive the traitor ?

Qu. Never, never ;
 'Tis written here in characters so deep,
 That seven years hence ('till then I should not meet him)
 And in the temple then, I'll drag him thence,
 Ev'n from the holy altar to the block.

Raym. (Aside.) She's fired, as I would wish her ; aid
 me justice,

As all my ends are thine, to gain this point ;
 And ruin both at once :—It wounds indeed, (*To h. r.*)
 To bear affronts, too great to be forgiven,
 And not have power to punish : yet one way
 There is to ruin Bertran.

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Qu. O, there's none;

You saw, he came surrounded with his friends;
And knew besides, our army was removed
To quarters too remote for sudden use.

Raym. Yet you may give commission
To some bold man, whose loyalty you trust,
And let him raise the train bands of the city.

Qu. Grot's feeders, lion talkers, lamb-like fighters.

Raym. You do not know the virtues of your city,
What pushing force they have: some popular chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,
And in a trice, the bellowing herd come out;
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricadoed,
And one and all's the word; true cocks o'th' game.
That never ask, for what, or whom, they fight;
But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a foe,
Cry, liberty, and that's a cause of quarrel.

Qu. There may be danger, in that boisterous rout:
Who knows, when fires are kindled for my foes,
But some new blast of wind may turn those flames
Against my palace walls?

Raym. But still their chief
Must be some one, whose loyalty you trust.

Qu. And who more proper for that trust than you,
Whose interests, though unknown to you, are mine?
Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the rabble,
He shall appear to head 'em.

Raym. (*Aside to Alphonso and Pedro.*) First seize Bertran,
And then insinuate to them, that I bring
Their lawful prince to place upon the throne.

Alph. Our lawful prince!

Raym. Fear not: I can produce him.

(*Exit Alph. and Ped.*)

Raym. (*Alone.*) So, now we have a plot behind the plot;
She thinks, she's in the depth of my design,
And that it's all for her; but time shall show,
She only lives to help me ruin others,
And last, to fall herself.

Qu. Now, to you Raymond: can you guess no reason
Why I repose such confidence in you?

You needs must think,
There's some more powerful cause than loyalty:
Will you not speak, to save a lady's blush?
Must I inform you, 'tis for Torrismond,
That all this grace is shown?

Raym.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

Raym. (Aside,) By all the powers, worse, worse than what I fear'd.

Qu. And yet what need I blush at such a choice?
I love a man whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my inclination gives
What gratitude would force.

Raym. The people never will endure this choice.

Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you?
Go raise the ministers of my revenge,
Guide with your breath this whirling tempest round,
And see its fury fall where I design. *[Exit,*

Raym. (solus,) Marriage with Torrismond! it must not,
By Heaven, it must not be; or, if it be,
Law, justice, honour-bid farewell to earth,
For Heaven leaves all to tyrants.

Enter Torrismond, who bows to him.

Tor. O, ever-welcome, sir,
But doubly now! you come in such a time,
As if propitious Fortune took a care,
To swell a tide of joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to desire.

Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At least, to save your fortune and your honour:
Take heed you steer your vessel right, my son;
This calm of Heaven, this mermaid's melody,
Into an unseen whirl-pool draws you fast,
And in a moment sinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot,
And fate can scarce; I've made the port already,
And laugh securely at the lazy storm
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, sir; my duty calls me hence;
I go to find my queen, my earthly goddess,
To whom I owe my hopes, my life, my love.

Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine;
Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first.
This hour's the very crisis of your fate,
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And all the colour of your life depends
On this important now.

Tor. I see no danger;
The city, army, court espouse my cause,
And, more than all, the queen with public favour
Indu'ges my pretensions to her love.

Raym. O virtue! virtue! what art thou become,

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That man should leave thee for that toy a woman.

Now, son, suppose

Some brave conspiracy were ready form'd
To punish tyrants, and redeem the land,
Could you so far bely your country's hope,
As not to head the party?

Fer. How could my hand rebel against my heart?

Raym. How could your heart rebel against your reason?

Fer. No, honour bids me fight against myself;

The royal family is all extinct,

And she who reigns bestows her crown on me:

So must I be ungrateful to the living,

To be but vainly pious to the dead,

While you defraud your offspring of their fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their offspring, you or I?
For know there yet survives the lawful heir

Of Sancho's blood, whom when I shall produce,
I rest assured to see you pale with fear,

And trembling at his name.

Fer. He must be more than man who makes me trem-
ble:

I dare him to the field with all the odds

Of justice on his side, against my tyrant;

Produce your lawful prince, and you shall see

How brave a rebel love has made your son.

Raym. Read that: 'tis with the royal signet sign'd,
And given me by the king, when time should serve,
To be perused by you.

Fer. rec. s.) I the king,

My youngest and alone surviving son,

Reported dead to escape rebellious rage,

'Till happier times shall all his courage forth

To break my fetters, or revenge my fate,

I will that Raymond educate as his,

And call him Torrismond——

If I am he, that son, that Torrismond,

The world contains not so forlorn a wretch!

Let never man believe he can be happy!

For when I thought my fortune most secure,

One fatal moment tears me from my joys:

And when two hearts were join'd by mutual love,

The sword of justice cuts upon the knot,

And severs them for ever.

Raym. True, it must.

Fer. O cruel man, to tell me that it must!

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If you have any pity in your breast,
Redeem me from this labyrinth of fate,
And plunge me in my first obscurity :
The secret is alone between us two,
And though you would not hide me from myself,
O yet be kind, conceal me from the world,
And be my father still.

Raym. Your lot's too glorious, and the proof's too plain.
Now, in the name of honour, sir, I beg you
(Since I must use authority no more)
On these old knees I beg you, ere I die,
That I may see your father's death revenged.

Ter. Why, 'tis the only business of my life ;
My order's issued to recall the army,
And Bertran's death resolv'd.

Raym. And not the queen's ? O, she's the chief offender !

Shall justice turn her edge within your hand ?
No, if she scape, you are yourself the tyrant,
And murderer of your father.

Ter. Cruel fates,
To what have you reserv'd me ?

Raym. Why that sigh ?

Ter. Since you must know, (but break, O break, my heart,

Before I tell my fatal story out,)
Th' usurper of my throne, my house's ruin,
The murderer of my father, is my wife !

Raym. O horror ! horror ! after this alliance
Let tygers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep,
And every creature couple with his foe.
How vainly man designs, when heaven opposes !
I bred you up to arms, rais'd you to power,
Permitted you to fight for this usurper,
Indeed to save a crown, not hers, but yours,
All to make sure the vengeance of this day,
Which even this day has ruin'd—One more question

Let me but ask, and I have done for ever ;
Do you yet love the cause of all your woes,
Or is she grown (as sure she ought to be)
More odious to your sight than toads and adders ?

Ter. O there's the utmost malice of my fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love !

Raym. No more — farewell, my much lamented king.
Ter. 'Tis but a moment since I have been king, And

And weary on't already ! I'm a lover,
 And loved, possess ; yet all these make me wretched ;
 And heaven has given me blessings for a curse.
 With what a load of vengeance am I prest,
 Yet never, never, can I hope for rest ;
 For when my heavy burden I remove,
 The weight falls down, and crushes her I love. [Exit.]

ACT V. Scene, A Bed chamber. Enter Torrismond.

For. LOVE, justice, nature pity, and revenge,
 Have kindled up a wild fire in my breast,
 And I am all a civil war within !

Enter Queen and Teresa at a distance.

My Leonora there !

Mine ! is she mine ? my father's murderer mine ?
 Oh ! that I could, with honour, love her more,
 Or hate her less, with reason ! See she weeps ;
 Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why
 I thus estrange my person from her bed !
 Shall I not tell her ? no 'twill break her heart :
 She'll know too soon her own and my misfortunes. [Ex.]
 Qu. He's gone, and I am lost ; didst thou not see
 His sullen eyes ? how gloomily they glanced :
 He look'd not like the Torrismond I loved.

Re-enter Torrismond.

For. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak ;
 But wander like some discontented ghost,
 That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [Going again]

Qu. O, Torrismond if you resolve my death,
 You need no more, but to go hence again ;
 Will you not speak ?

For. I cannot.

Qu. Speak ! oh, speak !

Your anger would be kinder than your silence.

For. Be witness all ye pow'rs that know my heart ;
 I would have kept the fatal secret hid,
 But she has conquer'd to her ruin conquer'd :
 Here take this paper, read our despatches ;
 But now you have it, spare my fight the pain
 Of seeing what a world of tears it costs you.
 Go silently and enjoy your part of grief,
 And share the sad inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirstily fever in my soul,
 Give me but present ease, and let me die.

[Exit Queen and Teresa.]

Enter

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm; my lord; the city-bands are up
Drums beating, colours flying, shouts confused;
All clustering in a heap, like swarming bees,
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design
To punish Bertran, and revenge the king,
'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my lord.
'Tis true, they block the castle kept by Bertran,
But now they cry, down with the palace, fire it,
Pull out th' usurping queen,

Tor. The queen, Lorenzo! durst they name the queen?

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Tor. O sacrilege! say quickly who commands
This vile blaspheming rout!

Lor. I'm loth to tell you,
But both our fathers thrust 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and hell!
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily;
How say'st thou, my Lorenzo? dar'st thou be
A friend, and once forget thou art a son,
To help me save the queen?

Lor. [*Aside*] Let me consider;
Bear mine against my father?—he begot me;
That's true; but for whose sake did he beget me?
For his own, sure enough; for me he knew not.
Oh! but *conscience*: Fly in nature's face?
But how, if nature fly in my face first?
Then nature's the aggressor: let her look to't—
—— He gave me life, and he may take it back:
No, that's boy's play say I.

'Tis policy for son and father to take different sides;
For then, lands and tenements commit no treason.

To Tor. Sir, upon mature consideration, I have found
my father to be little better than a rebel, and therefore,
I'll do my best to secure him, for your sake; in hope,
you may secure him hereafter for my sake.

Tor. Put on thy utmost speed to head the troops,
Which every moment I expect to arrive;
Proclaim me as I am, the lawful king,
I need not caution thee for Raymond's life,
Though I no more must call him father now.

Lor. [*Aside*] How, not call him father? I see prefer-
ment

ment alters a man strangely, this may serve me for a use of instruction, to cast off my father when I am great. Methought too, he call'd himself the lawful king, intimating sweetly, that he knows what's what with our sovereign lady; Well if I rout my father, as I hope in heaven I shall, I am in a fair way to be a prince of the blood. Farewel, general; I'll bring up those that shall try what mettle there is in orange tawny. (Exit.

Tor. (at the door.) Haste there, command the guards be all drawn up

Before the palace gate—By heaven, I'll face
This tempest, and deserve the name of king.

Enter Pedro, Gomez, Elvira, Dominick, with officers

Ped. Why how now, Gomez? what mak'st thou here with a whole brother-hood of city bailiffs? Why, thou lookest like Adam in Paradise, with his guard of beasts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, Don Pedro, for here are the two old seducers, a wife and a priest, that's Eve and the serpent, at my elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of churchmen.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable bellswagger; my wife cried out fire, fire, and you brought out your church buckets, and call'd for engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your wife, her education has been virtuous, her nature mild and easy.

Gom. Yes; she's easy with a vengeance, there's a certain colonel has found her so

Alph. She came a spotless virgin to your bed

Gom. And she's a spotless virgin still for me—she's never the worse for my wearing, I'll take my oath on't. I have lived with all the innocence of a man of three-score; like a peaceable bedfellow as I am. —

Alph. Indeed, sir, I have no reason to complain of him for disturbing of my sleep.

Dom. A fine commendation you have given yourself, the church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your grievances, your grievances.

Dom. Why noble sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace, fryar, and let me speak first. I am the plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the pulpit, where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edify by minutes.

Gom.

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Gom. Where you make doctrines for the people, and uses and applications for yourselves.

Perd. Gomez, give way to the old gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the other old gentleman in black, shall take me if I do: I will speak first! nay, I will, fryar, for all your *verbum sacerdotis*, I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the clock as you use to do. For, let me tell you, gentlemen, he shall lie and forswear himself with any fryar in all Spain: that's a bold word now——

Dom. Let him alone, let him alone: I shall fetch him back with a *circum-incidentibus*, I warrant him.

Alph. Well, what have you to say against your wife, Gomez?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our sins, and that our wives are a judgment; that a bachelor coarser is a happier man than a prince in wedlock: that we all visited with a household plague, and, "Lord have mercy upon us" should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles marriage.

Gom. 'Tis like one of seven deadly sins: but make your best on't, I care not; 'tis but binding a man neck and heels for all that! But, as for my wife, that crocodile of Nilus, she has wickedly and traiterously conspired the cuckoldom of me her anointed sovereign lord? and with the help of the aforesaid fryar, whom heaven confound, and with the limbs of one colonel Hernando, cuckold maker of this city, devilishly contriv'd to steal herself away, and under her arm feloniously to bear one casket of diamonds, pearls and other jewels to the value of 3000 pistoles. Guilty, or not guilty; how say'st thou culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the book. I'll take my corporal oath point blank against every particular of this charge.

Eiv. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the streets, telling my beads and praying to myself, according to my usual custom, I heard a foul out cry before Gomez his portal; an his wife, my penitent, making doleful lamentations; thereupon, making what haste my limbs would suffer me, that are crippled with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and sitting her most unmercifully; whereupon using christian arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon

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upon me, without respect to my sacerdotal orders, push'd me from him, and turn'd me about with a finger and thumb, just as a man would set up a top. Mercy, quoth I. Damage, quoth he. And still continued labouring me, till a good-minded colonel came by, whom, as heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gon. O Lord! O Lord!

Don. Ay, and O lady! O lady too! I redouble my oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble colonel like a true gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be sure—whereupon this Gomez flew upon him like a dragon, got him dwn, the devil being strong in him, and gave him *bastinado* upon *bastinado*, and buffet upon buffet, which the poor meek colonel, being prostrate, suffer'd with a most christian patience.

Gon. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of him; why he's as fierce as Rhodomont, he made assault and battery upon my person, beat me into all the colours of the rain-bow. And every word this abominable priest has utter'd is as false as the Alcoran. But if you want a thorough-paced lyar that will swear through thick and thin, commend me to a fryar.

As Mr. Lorenzo, who comes behind the company, and stands at his father's back unseen, over against Gomez.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How now, what's here to do? my cause a trying, as I live, and that before my own father: now fourscore take him for an old bawdy magistrate.

Alb. Well but all this while, who is this colonel Hernandez?

Gon. He's the first begotten of Beelzebub, with a face as terrible as Demogorgon.

[*Lorenzo peeps over Mr. Alphonso's head and stares at Gomez.*]

No! I lye, I lye:

He's a very proper handsome fellow! well proportioned, and clean shaped, with a face like a cherubim.

Pat. What backward and forward. Gomez dost thou hunt counter?

Alb. Had this colonel any former design upon your wife? for, if that be proved, you shall have justice.

Gon. [*Aside.*] Now I dare speak: let him look as dreadful as he will. I say, fir, and will prove it, that he had a lewd design upon her body, and attempted to corrupt her honesty. [*Lor. lifts up his fist at him.*] I confess my wife was as willing—as himself; and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted

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crusted him: for I have known him formerly a valiant
 and modest person.

Edo. You see, sir, he contradicts himself in every word: and
 he's plainly mad.

Alc. Speak boldly, man! and say what you will
 about it: and he'll be this?

Gen. I will speak boldly: he struck me on the cheek
 for my own thoughts, that the very walls of heaven
 heard him.

'Tis true: I gave him provocation, for the man is passion-
 able & gentleman as any in all Spain.

Dum. Now the truth comes out, in spite of him.

Pal. I believe the flyer has broken & him.

Alc. For my part, I see no wrong that has been done
 him.

Gen. How? no wrong? why, he reviled me with the
 help of two soldiers, carried me away with a cart,
 would have put me into a piteous prison.

I confess, I never could endure the government, because
 it was tyrannical: but my face and hands were black
 and blue, as I can shew and show the marks of time.

But that might happen too by a fall: that I got yesterday
 upon the palkies.

Dum. Fresh air, and a dark chamber: a most excellent
 judgement, there never comes better of killing against
 the church.

Gen. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll
 make me mad: truth has been at my tongue's end for
 half hour, and I have no power to bring it out: I am
 of this bloody-minded violence.

Edo. What colour?

Gen. Why, my colour: I mean, my complexion,
 that appears there to me like black Genoa, and makes
 me.

Alc. (Turning.) Now you are mad indeed: I think
 this is my son Lorenzo.

Gen. How? your son Lorenzo? it is impossible.

Alc. As true as your wife Elvira, is my daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all these pains about a false?

Gen. No, you have taken pains about me: I am the
 you are a brother, my father the father of your
 alliance.

Alc. to *Lor.* You know I put your father in a prison.

and I am glad to be able to say to you, for fear you should
 think me too late to have taken the boat, which
 I am glad to say, and consequently, I cannot
 say that your knowledge, that it might not be in your

...I had a natural affinity to you.
...I had a natural affinity to you.
...I had a natural affinity to you.

... we are both beholden to your Don-

Don't know! what will happen of me?

Don't know! What will I do? I
know they are not like to people. I know
that the children are not like to people.

I take a last farewell to dearer than of my husband
 whose name I give the light for his journey: indeed
 the parting of our lives, that I may not be sorrowful
 when I see his soul of glory.

As I have no father power to reward the pains you have taken on my daughter; but I shall do it by giving you a share of my estate, and he's two hundred, I think, will be a cheerful

[illegible][illegible]

11. - Yes. The first I believe; my royal father lives!

...and the ...
...and the ...
...and the ...

From pole to pole refused, King George lives !
 O'er the world, oh ! no more say so, but brother !
 Show us how this life can be a brotherhood.

But, that man, who, 'in their interest, may do good
 - I must punish, I must kill Joseph's murderer;

And when I read by Spenser's arguments:
That still he thought that he had been changed,
I found I was the witness of his death.

3; I should not have known of his death,
4; I should not have lost of her designs;
5; I should not have known you were endeavoring to my fears;
6; I should not have known of the fall on me.

She thought the silence of the night on me,
And possibly even'd her love to you.
Days, I have guided all the innocent.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

Bart. I plead no merit, but a bare forgiveness.

Ter. Not only that but favour; Sancho's life,
Whether by virtue or design preserv'd,
Claims all within my power.

2d. My prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire,
But Sancho's leave to authorize our marriage!

Ter. Oh! fear not him! pity and he are one;
So merciful a king did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easy to forgive;
But let the bold conspirator beware,
For Heaven makes princes its peculiar care.

(Exeunt omnes.)

THE END.

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